

THE MESSENGER



OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA

Published by the White Sisters, Metuchen, N. J.

JANUARY - FEBRUARY, 1947

VOL. 8

No. 1

J. DAVIS

CONGREGATION OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA (White Sisters)

ORIGIN AND AIM: The Congregation of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa was founded in 1869 by Cardinal Lavigerie, to rescue, moralize and regenerate the pagan and Mohammedan woman, and through her attain the family and society. Exclusively vowed to the Apostolate in Africa, the Sisters devote their lives to the natives in every work of mercy and charity . . . Catechetical, Medical, Educational.

GOVERNMENT AND APPROBATION: The Congregation is governed by a Superior General who depends directly on the Holy See. The Constitutions were definitely approved by decree the 14th of December 1909 and promulgated on the 3rd of January 1910.

SPIRIT: The Spirit of the Congregation is one of obedience, humility, simplicity, and zeal; and the life of the Sisters one of poverty, mortification and labor.

* * * *

The Congregation numbers over 1,500 Professed Sisters who are devoting their lives to the Natives in 120 Missions, that spread out through—

North Africa: Algeria, Tunisia, Atlas Mountains, Sahara.

West Africa: The Gold Coast, French West Africa.

East Africa: Kenya, Nyassaland, Tanganyika, Uganda, Rhodesia, Belgian Congo, Rwanda, Urundi.

* * * *

OUR AMERICAN HOME IS AT:
White Sisters Convent
319 Middlesex Avenue
Metuchen, New Jersey

THE MESSENGER OF

OUR LADY OF AFRICA

is edited and published bi-monthly with ecclesiastical approbation by the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa (White Sisters), Metuchen, New Jersey. Annual subscription \$1.00. Entered as second class matter December 15, 1931, at the post office of Metuchen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES

Three Masses are said monthly for the living and deceased benefactors of the Congregation of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa. Moreover, they share in the prayers and apostolic labors of over fifteen hundred White Sisters, who are working in the African Missions; and in the prayers and acts of self denial that the Natives, so willingly, offer up daily for their benefactors.

TO AVOID THE MISSIONS UNNECESSARY EXPENSE,

kindly notify us immediately of a change of address. If you do not, the postal authorities will tax us for their notification.

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Where Silver Blends with Gold

FIFTY YEARS AGO the first White Father arrived in Toro, Uganda. The Protestant Minister, who had preceded him there, turned the king against Father Achte. However, His Majesty told the Catholic Missionary: "You may teach your religion to the poor and the wretched; as for us, the rich and the great, we have our religion."

Father Achte immediately pitched his tent and nine years later at his death, he had the consolation of leaving a Catholic village and numerous catechumens.

At present, after fifty years, the mission of Our Lady of the Snows (so named because of the snow capped mountains of Rwenzori near by) has a beautiful church in which 5,000 of its parishioners can find place; a large school for boys, where natives, who have received a diploma, teach; and a High School staffed by Brothers of Christian Schools.

On the other side of the church a community of seven White Sisters are in charge of the girls' schools as well as a normal school. They also have a work-room, hospital, dispensary and a Novitiate for Native Sisters. A community of these Sisters, who are teachers and nurses help the White Sisters in their schools, hospitals and dispensary.

Fifty years ago the mission had but one Catholic; today there are 24,000. There was but one missionary; today there are four White Fathers and three White Brothers . . . The Native King despised the first missionary and his religion . . . His son, the present King, though a Protestant, assisted with the Queen at the Golden Jubilee Pontifical Mass. After the religious ceremonies, a commemorative monument erected in front of the Fathers' house was unveiled and

the King in the presence of a vast multitude and numerous missionaries from neighboring stations, thanked Bishop Lacoursiere for all the good the missionaries had done for his country. Then His Majesty presented His Excellency with a purse of fifty hundred shillings offered by the Natives, both Catholic and Protestant, for the needs of the mission.

The same day His Excellency announced to the people that our Holy Father named Marko Kaboka, a staunch Catholic and the Prime Minister, a Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great for the services rendered to the Church and religion.

The following day there were two Silver Jubilees: a Native priest of Toro celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination, whilst the first Native Sister of the mission celebrated that of her religious profession. All hearts were rejoicing, for God had truly wrought marvels at Torol

OBITUARY

His Eminence Rodrigue Cardinal Villeneuve, O.M.I.,
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Reverend C. Van Uden, W.F.

Brother Schetzelo, W.F.

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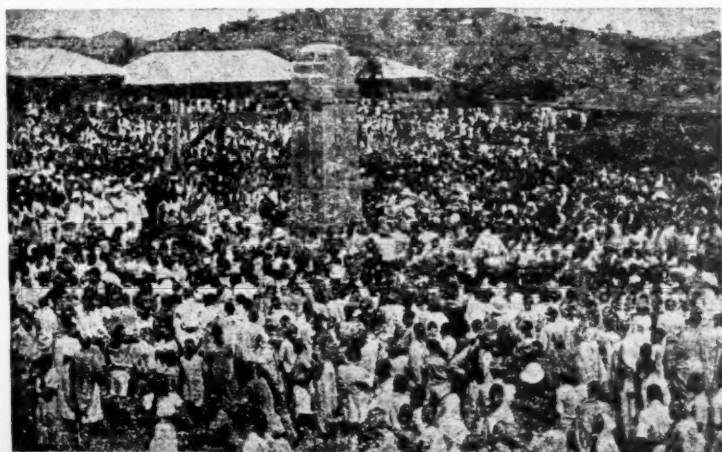
Helen Hart, Upper Montclair, N. J.

Mr. Gauthier, Auburn, Me.

Mr. G. Koch, Oradell, N. J.

Around the Commemorative Monument, December, 1945.

Mission Hospital in the Background.



An African Apostle

Richard H. J. Hanley

THIS YEAR the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa, popularly known as the White Sisters, celebrate the centenary of the birth of their foundress—Mother M. Salome.

Marie Renee Roudaut was born at Guisseny in Brittany, France, on the 3rd of March, 1847. Her anniversary, however, is celebrated on March 4th because it was on that day in the same year that the future missionary was baptised. Marie Renee was a true Breton young lady—a Catholic to the core. To a Breton the faith is what Christ meant it to be—a life giving force which inspires their every move and is always a source of light and strength no matter how difficult the road of life may become.

There were seven children in the Roudaut family, an eighth, a girl, died in infancy. In early childhood her family moved to Plouguerneau. In 1869 one of her cousins had departed for Algiers in answer to an appeal of Archbishop Lavigerie (later Cardinal), for women apostles of whom he planned to establish a new Congregation to be known as Geronymites*—devoted exclusively to the African Missions.

In 1871 Marie Renee left home to seek admission to the group which now had a postulate at Vans in France. She soon realized that her Breton steadfastness would be necessary if she wished to persevere. This was no grand convent where there would always be food and nothing to do but pray—instead she found poverty and hard work. She adapted herself quickly and, it is said, that she was of tall and commanding appearance despite her great timidity.

We can only guess the hardships of this period with the Geronymites, as the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa were first known. From the description we can say that at times there was not only poverty but misery that required of the members a great spirit of faith, a firm confidence in God, and supernatural courage.

Marie Renee proved her metal and was chosen to go to Africa, and on June 23rd, 1872 she received the religious habit and dedicated her life to God in the

* Geronymites—The Venerable Geronimo, Arab by birth, was put to death for the faith at Algiers in 1569.

African missions as Sister Marie Salome. The following year on July 6 she made her religious profession and was assigned to work at the village of St. Cyprian.

North Africa had been visited by a plague and the land was laid waste. A terrible famine followed, and it was to care for the abandoned orphans that Archbishop Lavigerie conceived the idea of his mission societies. The work that the White Sisters and White Fathers did to alleviate the poverty and sufferings of the people at this time is best summed up by the fact that these are the only Roumis (Christians) who will not go to hell. Quite a compliment for a Moslem who has, as one of the tenets of his religion, hatred for Christianity. The Archbishop gathered the Christian Arabs into two villages—St. Cyprian and St. Monica—and it was to that of St. Cyprian that Sister Marie Salome went in 1873.

From then until 1880 she worked in this mission and in the Atlas Mountains amongst the Kabyle tribespeople. In 1879 she became superioress of the Hospital and the mission at St. Cyprien des Attafs. In 1880 however the Cardinal appointed her mistress of novices.

The Community held a General Chapter in 1882 and Sister Marie Salome became Mother General. Despite her new responsibilities, she retained her position as mistress of novices. She had a difficult task to accomplish. She humbly went about her work and until her resignation in 1925, she spent her entire time in organizing and strengthening the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa so that today they are one of the leading missionary groups of the Church.

The great mission field that lay before the White Sisters would have offered work enough for the Mother General but to this in the early years, was added the job of convincing the world that they should continue in existence. The Cardinal, in organizing the community, had planned for a group of Sisters devoted to agriculture with the purpose of regenerating the North African natives by their example of work. He soon realized however, that of primary importance in their apostolic field should be catechetical, medical and educational works. Fearing that he would not be able to accomplish this he decided to

join the work with those already in existence in Africa. Because of his solicitude for the Sisters in the community, he hesitated. During this time Mother Salome, ever submissive to authority and placing her entire trust in God, begged the Cardinal to continue the White Sisters.

By the General Chapter of 1886 all doubts were dissolved, Mother Salome was again elected Mother General and the Cardinal agrees to continue and confirm the community. The Superioress had a difficult task facing her. In her humility she begs off from the job and asks the Cardinal to appoint someone more worthy than she and permit her to retire to a monastery of Trappist nuns. It is then that the Primate of Africa gave his famous command to Mother Salome: "You constrained me to preserve the Congregation when I was ready to suppress it and now you would leave it!" Mother Salome remained.

From then on the White Sisters grew at a steady pace. Postulates and novitiates were opened outside of Africa. Recruits would and have come from all parts of Europe, from Canada and from our own United States to staff the missions established by Mother Salome. For forty-three years she governed the sisters and saw the work of the Community grow. From 1882 to 1925 she saw to the training of the many Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa who staff the missions assigned to them. She saw her community made directly subject to the Holy See and was overjoyed when the Constitutions of the Society were approved by decree on the fourteenth of December, 1909, and promulgated on the third of January, 1910.

In 1925 she felt worn out and her broken health caused her to resign in favor of Mother M. St. John. From then until her death on October 18th, 1930, she continued to exercise her kindly and inspiring influence not only by word but by being a model religious. Prayer was her chief occupation—prayers that God will always bless the work of her missionary daughters.

In 1871 Marie Renee Roudaut joined a group of women who wished to accomplish something great on the missions of Africa but seemed to be meeting unsuperable obstacles. In 1872 she became a religious amongst this group and saw them gradually failing until in the early 1880 she feared they might be dissolved. Steadfast and from a purpose she kept

them together, prevailed on the Cardinal to preserve their community and from 1886 to 1925 spent herself in consolidating and expanding the work.

That is the story of Mother Salome. And what about the success of her community today? In 1946 there were over 1500 living professed sisters in the Congregation of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa and they staffed 130 missions throughout Africa. The White Sisters work amongst the Arabs in North Africa in Algeria, Tunisia, the Atlas Mountains and the Sahara. They care for missions in West, Central and East Africa; in West Africa on the Gold Coast and in French West Africa; in Central Africa in the Belgian Congo; in East Africa at Kenya, Nyassaland, Tanganyika, Uganda, Rhodesia, Belgian Congo, Rwanda and Urundi. They recruit their candidates from Europe, the British Isles, Canada and the United States. In nearly all the countries in these places there are postulates or novitiates where girls who desire to spend themselves for Christ in Africa, who wish to serve Christ in the native African may prepare themselves for this great task. In America they are at Metuchen, New Jersey, in the Diocese of Trenton and in this the centenary of their Mother Foundress' birth our prayer is that Our Lady of Africa will inspire many American young women to follow her and serve her African children as Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa—as White Sisters.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

RANSOMED PAGAN BABIES

Mrs. E. Le Veer
Sacred Heart School, Worcester, Mass.
St. Paul School, Worcester, Mass.
Mr. A. Hengesbach and family
M. C. H.
Miss C. Ryan
Mrs. A. W. Smith
Miss M. Schuneman
Miss M. Koenigsknecht
Mrs. A. Fedewa
Miss L. Matte
Rev. G. Grant
Mrs. C. Fantino
Mrs. F. A. Barrett

SUPPORTED THE LEPERS

Rev. F. A. Kaiser
M. C. H.
Mrs. McClellan
Mr. C. Nohe
Miss M. Peltz

TO KEEP A SANCTUARY LAMP BURNING

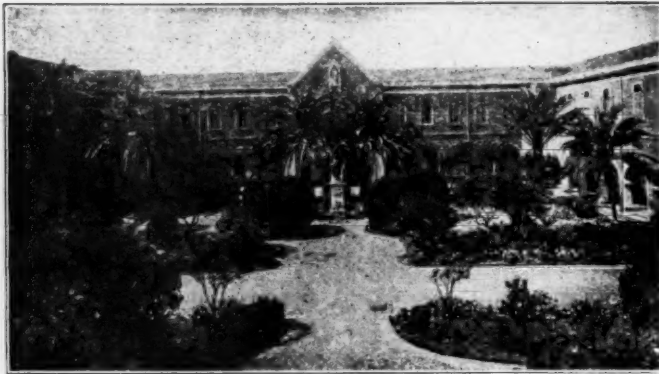
M. C. H.
Miss F. Kulpa
Mrs. Dooley

TO CLOTHE A CHILD FOR FIRST HOLY COMMUNION

Miss M. Peltz

PROVIDED BREAD FOR THE ORPHANS

Miss M. M. Santori
Miss M. Peltz
Mrs. A. Cahill



Motherhouse, Africa, home of 1600 White Sisters, daughters of Venerable Mother Salome, where centenary celebrations will take place.



One of the means of elevating Mohammedan women and girls is the workroom, of which the daughters of Mother Salome conduct 55.

The Desire of Our Holy Mother the Church
—the ambition of our Venerable Foundress
—Native Sisterhoods to care for the
Natives.

1847



Mother M

Missionary of Our Lady
Of Africa, "Mother Salome"
Thymself Co-Foundress
Heaven blessed thy w
Every heart within th
Rightly to carry on wi

Mother Mary Salome,
A hundred years past,
Reared in virtue and
Yearning yes! to prais

Serving women Moh
And teaching, baptizin
Light has come to do
Oh because of thee a
Missionary in thy goo
Ever their First Gener

White Sisters have pioneered, Nativ





1947

Mary Salome

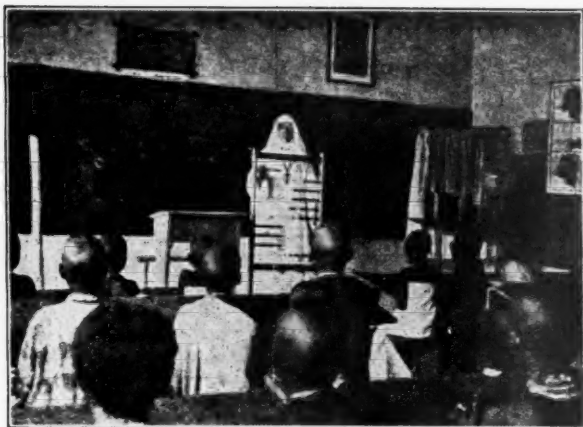
Lady
r Salome,"
ress of Christ's White Sisters;
ny work of grace which yet stirs
in thy Congregation
n with devotion.

ome, born
oast, a March morn,
and zeal and poverty,
praise God in charity!

Mohammedans
ptizing pagans!
o dark Africa, Mother,
ee and every Sister
good White Army.
eneral thou shalt be!

M.R.L.G.

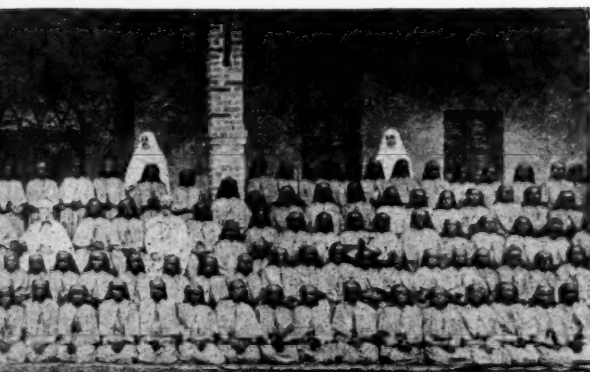
d, Native African Sisters will continue.



The word of God is penetrating through the 221 schools open to the Africans, by the daughters of Mother Salome.



Trained Native Sisters and lay helpers co-operate with the White Sisters in 102 dispensaries, 43 hospitals, 26 maternity hospitals and 9 leper colonies.



16 Native African Congregations express gratitude to Venerable Mother Salome.

New York to Algiers

Star of El Nil
July 25, 1946.

Dear Mom, Dad & Family:

We are seated on deck waiting impatiently for the boat to pull up its anchor and set sail into the high seas. The men are still very busy filling up the boat with cargo—we were supposed to sail at 10:00 A. M. but it is almost 4:00 P. M. now and I do not hear any cries of "All ashore that are going ashore!"

This morning after meditation we attended Holy Mass at the Chapel of the Brothers of the Sacred Heart and we were fortunate enough to have Benediction immediately afterwards. Happy to receive Our Lord's last American blessing, we hope that henceforth we shall be permitted to adore and serve Him on African soil. After breakfast we said a fond farewell to our beloved Sisters and then drove off with their wishes of a "Bon Voyage" and fruitful mission, yes, may Our Heavenly Father grant us both. At any rate we know that He is protecting us and guarding us and regardless of what happens we desire His Holy Will to be accomplished.

We drove to Jersey City where the El Nil was ready for us. We had to wait about a quarter of an hour before boarding the boat. It took only a few minutes to show our passports and to receive our cabin number. When we were all settled Mother embraced us for the last time and we all said a short prayer to Our Blessed Mother asking Her to keep us under her protection and free from all danger.

An officer is already our friend, he said to us "You are my Sisters, I will take care of you." He and the rest of the sailors are almost all Egyptians. They speak English.

July 26th

Our steward told us the boat was built by the Germans, that there were about forty passengers this trip and that it would take about twelve days to reach Algiers. We shall have to stop at Casablanca for a few days in order to unload. He is rather young (in his twenties probably) and an Australian. He mentioned that he didn't like Africa because the inhabitants are always pulling out their knives to stab someone. I told him that the reason we were going to Africa was to teach them to do otherwise. He replied that the best way and the easiest way was to kill them first. When I answered that it might be the easiest way but by no means the best, he did not seem to agree so I let the matter drop. What a pity is the ignorance of man! Fortunately God's mercy is infinite.

The men worked almost all night filling up the hold with its precious load and they were still working when we got up this morning. Finally at 10 A. M. everything was ready and we were led out of the dock by a little tug boat. All the passengers were on deck taking a last look at New York. We spied the Statue of Liberty almost immediately. She gives one the impression of strength and courage. However as soon as we had passed the famous statue we dropped anchor again until 5:00 P. M. We could not understand the delay but at about 4:45 P. M. a small boat pulled up to ours and an elderly and prominent looking gentleman came aboard. Apparently we were waiting for him because the men began to pull up the anchor and to give the signal to start the motors. This time there

was no doubt—we were heading at last for the open seas. We did not look back for we remembered our Lord's warning "He who puts his hand to the plow and looks back, is not fit for the Kingdom of God". We saw all kinds of huge boats in the harbor—passenger boats, air plane carriers, Navy boats, cargo ships, hospital boats.

July 27th

We had a very good night's sleep, got up at 6:00 A. M. and went immediately on deck to begin our morning prayers. It is rather cool this morning and windy but the sea is not very rough. This morning Sr. Marie Annette left the table after having eaten her cornflakes—she looked sort of green. The rest of us enjoyed our bacon, eggs and French fried potatoes. We feel the motion of the ship in our cabin more than on deck. There is a constant vibration caused by the motor and it seems to affect the stomach more than the balancing of the boat. It is like being on a little roller-coaster today—I wonder what it is like on a very stormy day.

We just had a life-boat drill. We were shown how to put on the life-belt and were told which life-boat would be ours in case of an accident. I spent most of the afternoon watching the sea. The passengers rarely speak to us. However, everyone, especially the officers and the waiters are very kind and polite.

July 28th

It is very windy this morning and the waves are quite large. They break when they meet the waves caused by the boat and the effect is very beautiful. My glasses are all misty from the spray. Sr. Marguerite d'Youville is the second victim—I saw her leaning over the rail during our prayers. I doubt if her meditation was full of consolation and spiritual delights this morning. Sr. M. Annette courageously ate some cornflakes at breakfast, but she still looks very green. I am sure that it is my pride alone which keeps me in such good health.

July 29th

There is nothing very exciting happening these days. There was not much wind this morning and the sun was warm, most of the passengers were on deck sunning themselves. The sailors are painting the masts. The two unhappy victims spend most of their time sleeping. One would think that sea sickness was a drug instead of a sort of indisposition. We keep insisting that it is just a matter of will power, we cannot understand why they do not agree with us! Every once in a while we see a ship in the distance, several boats bigger and faster than this one have already passed us today. Our cabin boy says that the average speed of the El Nil is about 15 miles an hour and that she has a holding capacity of about 6,000 tons. We are about half way in the middle of the Atlantic today but we have not yet reached the half way mark of our voyage, because we are not going straight across. They say that we shall reach Casablanca next Tuesday, the 5th. I am already suffering a small agony from want of work. How I envy the sailors who do not seem to find much time to be idle. I have a beautiful wind burn and my face is as red as a boiled lobster—not very becoming for a White Sister.

July 30th

Last night when no one was on deck Sr. Isaac

Joques and I began to play one of the deck games. No one had a chance to win because the passengers began to put in an appearance. It was fun nevertheless and we gave the other Sisters a good laugh. The officers began to install a camera and screen on the part of the deck where we are accustomed to sit and before we knew it the other passengers began to place themselves near us. We asked a gentleman what kind of pictures we were going to have the pleasure to see, the answer was comics so we decided to stay. They had trouble getting it started and they had no more rolled off about a film and a half when the fuse blew out. We gladly called it a night and went to bed. The other passengers descended to the lounging room and sang many of our famous American tunes—Old Black Joe, Annie Laurie, etc.

July 31st

Today is the feast day of St. Ignatius so we decided to help the Jesuits celebrate it by taking Deo Gratias. Usually we observe our rule of silence during the day, although not quite as strictly as at home. It was raining this morning when we got up—it is the first rain that we have seen since we left. There is always a cool breeze blowing on deck, although it is quite warm in the cabin. Some of the passengers speak to us more frequently these days, especially Mrs. Carroci, and her little son, Joseph, who is about ten and one-half years old. They are very nice and we enjoy their company. They are on their way to Tunis. Sr. St. Gilles finds her delight in reading the little lives of the Saints to Joseph and he enjoys it fully as well as she.

August 2nd

We saw the Azores in the distance this morning. They are a group of little islands owned by the Portuguese and serve as a stopping place for boats and airplanes.

August 3rd

The days seem to vary very little. How anxious we are to arrive at the Motherhouse. Our desire for Mass and Communion is augmenting with the hours, this privation is by no means a little one.

August 4th

The ocean has never been so calm. We are still hoping to have at least one good storm before arriving at our destination. I am afraid this is not a good season for them, but maybe Our Lord will satisfy our whim just the same.

August 5th

After offering our hearts to God our first thoughts today were for Mother Marie des Neiges. How sorry we are that we are unable to attend Mass; we did the next best thing—we offered all the Holy Masses which are being celebrated this day throughout the world for her intentions. We pray that this feast may be a blessed one and that the next one may be passed with her beloved Negroes in the heart of Africa. The wind blew a mighty gale today and the waves were high. The boat was tossed about quite a bit and one man told us that if the boat's hold were not so heavily charged with cargo, the ship might be in danger. We could not stay too close to the rail because the spray of the waves reached the deck. Three young men were not so prudent and before they knew it, they were drenched. Sr. Isaac Joques had to learn by experience and before long she was on her way down to the cabin to change her veil and guimpe. Our two land lovers spent a good part of the day in bed while the three of us took great pleasure in being blown about. I spent most of the day con-

templating the beauty of the sea. Tomorrow we will arrive at Casablanca (Morocco).

August 6th

We sighted land at about 9:45 this morning. Africa! At long last our eyes behold the land we have so greatly desired. At first we could distinguish only the outline of the shore, than we could make out little white spots here and there which turned out to be little houses. Casablanca means white house and as we approached the port we realized that it was well named. When we were quite near an inspector came on board, undoubtedly to give the ship permission to dock. This is a new port and it is still being constructed, they are building a long stone pier to prevent the waves from entering into the port. Two little tug boats led us up to the dock where there were quite a few people waiting to welcome their loved ones. As soon as they were able some Arabs climbed up on the boat and in no time at all they were fighting over the luggage. The passengers immediately began to go ashore where they were warmly greeted by their parents and friends. Needless to say that our attention was caught mostly by the Arabs for they were everywhere. Big ones, little ones, thin ones and fat ones. Some were dressed as Europeans, others in long robes, but the majority were clothed with rags. Some have so many patches in their pants that it is impossible to distinguish the original cloth. Very few of them go bareheaded, but on the other hand only a few of them are seen wearing shoes. They began to unload the boat as soon as it was possible—they have big machines installed to do the work, they look a little like big steam shovels. It seems to me that the Captain said that there was about 1800 tons of cargo to be left here. There are very few passengers so the boat is almost ours. The noise of the motors is no longer to be heard and when the men stop working about 12:00 for their siesta, silence seems to reign. The Arabs are not at all hard to please for they choose a shady spot right in the middle of the street to take their nap. The Moslems are making a very strict fast for thirty days—they are not permitted to eat, drink or smoke from 4:00 A. M. until 7:30 P. M. Therefore they are obliged to work all day in the hot sun without anything to quench their thirst. I wonder how many of our Catholics are as mortified during the days of Lent? Let us hope and pray that their penance is not lost for eternity.

August 7th

I forgot to mention that during the voyage we had to advance our watches a half hour almost every night. At present there is a difference of five hours between our time and yours. I believe that by the time we arrive in Algiers there will be a six hours difference. After dinner and the siesta, Sr. St. Gilles and I accompanied Madam Carrocci into the City. The man who drove us in left us at the bank and from there on we walked. There is almost no resemblance between Casablanca and our American cities for almost every other store is a cafe (or so it seems to me.) They all have their little tables and chairs on the sidewalk and we are obliged to pass right next to them. In the heart of the City all the sidewalks have a ceiling which projects from the buildings and serves as a protection from the sun. The sun is very hot, but it is really quite cool in the shade. Several Arabian women were to be seen with their long dresses and veils, only their dark eyes were to be seen peeping over the edge of the veils. Mrs. Carrocci gave two pennies to a little beggar and one little girl dressed in rags almost broke my heart when she kept holding her little box up to me with pleading eyes,

repeating over and over something which sounded like "Merci Madam". How was she to know that those who make a vow of poverty are poorer than the poor. This evening the Captain talked to Mrs. Carrocci and I about the ship and some of his adventures—his name is Captain Rothwell (an Englishman). When he learned that we would enjoy seeing the engine room he asked the Chief Engineer to show us about. I wish you could have seen five little White Sisters going down the little stairs backwards with their dresses held as high as modesty would allow them. The motor is built on the same plan as an automobile but of course much larger. It all looked very complicated and we were amazed to learn how much machinery is required to turn a propeller. We only got a couple of grease spots on our habits but in my estimation it was worth it.

August 8th

The Arabs were quite entertaining this afternoon—they were unloading big bundles of clothing when suddenly one bag was discovered to have a hole in it. For a few seconds all we could see was hands—one pulled out a pair of pants, another a shirt. One tried to hide his stolen treasure under his coat but one of the inspectors caught him and shook him until the hidden clothes fell to the ground. We only saw one that succeeded in getting away. They all seem to take it as a matter of course—I doubt if they have ever heard of God's Commandment "Thou shalt not steal". We left Casablanca at about 8:20 this evening. It was still light enough to see the shore, but once again we did not look back, attaching our eyes and our hearts only to the future. Just outside of the harbor the waves were enormous and so before long Sr. Marguerite and Sr. Annette were offering once again their sufferings for the salvation of souls.

August 9th

We passed by the Rock of Gibraltar at about 11:00 A. M. On one side we could see Africa and on the other side, the mountains of Spain. The scenery was very beautiful but soon the sea widened and we could no longer see the shore line.

August 10th

When we came up on deck to make our meditation we were rapidly approaching the port of Oran. It is a little white city nestled between two mountain-like cliffs. On the top of one mountain we can see an ancient monastery which looks out over the sea and which appears to dominate the whole country side. The Arabs are better dressed here than those of Casablanca, although patches are not rare. I shall never forget one that I saw seated on the lower deck, sewing his shirt (I think), truly it was worse than a jig-saw puzzle. Another was sewing a hole in the seat of his friend's pants, right in the middle of the street. Human respect is a vice which does not grow wild here.

August 11th

We said good-by to Oran at 12:30 noon. How thankful we are that this is our last day on board and that tomorrow we shall see the Motherhouse, our Sisters, and all of the other things that we have heard so much about. Most of all we are longing to salute our Good Master in the Blessed Sacrament. What a banquet we shall have Tuesday when we shall receive Him into our hearts once again. We have been following the coast of Africa ever since we left Oran and all we see is mountains and of course water. The mountains are quite bare, just a little grass, but plenty of clay or sand. Nevertheless the effect is very lovely, it is Africa. This afternoon there was a large number of big fish

swimming along side of the boat. It is fascinating to watch them for they swim just below the surface of the water and frequently they leap into the air.

August 12th

We sighted Algiers during our meditation this morning. I am sorry to admit that I had more than one distraction in my prayers for thoughts of the Motherhouse kept popping up. The boat did not advance immediately into the dock and we could not help but feel a little impatient; as we approached we eagerly scanned the pier, hoping to find a figure dressed in white and black. There was no one waiting to claim five little White Sisters from America so we concluded that they did not know the exact date of our arrival. As soon as it was possible we called up the Motherhouse and were told to wait, sure enough before long we noticed two of our Sisters making their way to the boat. Without regret we said adieu to the Star of El Nil and climbed joyfully into the little truck that was to conduct us home. We did not see much of the country side as we drove along, but what we did see pleased us very much. We passed by the Sanitarium and the Orphanage before reaching the Motherhouse. We drew up to the back door and as I jumped to the ground I was greeted by Mother Octave Marie who is the Superior of the Motherhouse. After the first words of welcome were spoken we went to the refectory for our first African meal, where the bell was calling us. After dinner we were shown the chapel where we adored Our Good Master with hearts full of love and gratitude. We tried in a few short minutes to make up for three long weeks. It takes such a privation to make us realize what a great role the Blessed Sacrament plays in our life. With what delight do we anticipate tomorrow's Mass and Communion. After a long siesta we met our Reverend Mother Claude Marie. With what pride and delight we embraced and talked with her who holds for us the place of God. It was one of the happiest moments of my life.

We spent the rest of the day meeting our Sisters and making acquaintance with the house. We assisted at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and I was so pleased to hear Gregorian music beautifully sung again. I thought I heard angels singing. Next week more than a hundred Sisters are coming here to make their retreat.

I shall end my diary here for the journey is over and our wanderings have come to an end for the time being.

Oh yes, I almost forgot to add that the heat is not as bad as I expected although after working a little today I was bathing in my own perspiration. I am happy to have something to offer to God for His Glory, my own sanctification and for the salvation of the souls confided to our care; it seems to be very little but at least it is something. I am tempted to write—To be continued—for who knows, perhaps one day I shall have the happiness to be sent to the Equator when I can devote my life to the little Negroes.

Please pray for your little missionary for I need much grace and light to accomplish the Will of God, especially since He wills that I should become a great saint. Although I am very far away I shall always remain united to you in love and in thought. The sacrifice is a big one but I am consoled by the thought that in heaven we shall never know the pains of separation.

Your loving missionary daughter in Christ

Sr. Mary of Peace

Some Ways to Help

WILL

Our Legal Title Is

THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA
METUCHEN, NEW JERSEY

Don't forget the missions in your WILL! You will never regret it, now nor later. Why not include this clause?

"I hereby bequeath to the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa for use in their African Missions, the sum of Dollars."



Mother Superior
The White Sisters—The Convent
Mombasa P. O., Kenya, BRITISH EAST AFRICA

would be very grateful to kind Readers who would mail them good Catholic magazines and periodicals.

Now that typewriters are available, we should like to add 2 to the Metuchen office equipment. If you have one in good working condition that you would like to donate, it will be most welcome.

Beautifully colored Holy Pictures are always in great demand by all our missions—large and prayer book size—also those from religious art calendars. Kindly mail them to us and we shall gladly distribute them.

STAMPS — STAMPS — STAMPS

We would sincerely appreciate cancelled stamps, especially foreign ones and United States commemoratives and higher values. In thus sending us your stamps, you will help to support the missionaries and their apostolic works.

Please do not send ordinary stamps in an envelope first class mail, because the postage costs more than the stamps are worth. Kindly keep them until a box is filled; then send it parcel post or express to:

WHITE SISTERS' CONVENT

319 Middlesex Avenue

Metuchen, New Jersey



Our African children with the White Sisters wish to express sincere gratitude for having filled their plates with the results of your Christmas generosity.
May God bless and reward each and every one.

In Memory of Venerable Mother Salome I WILL ADOPT at least One African Destitute Pagan Baby, in order that the children of the bush will have the same spiritual and physical transformation as their brethren shown above.

You may also choose the child's name, which will be given to the privileged baby.

All adoptions will be published during the year.



(\$5. gives you the privilege of choosing the child's name and supports the child)

Enclosed \$ _____

To Ransom: (Name of child) _____

Name of Godparent _____

I too want to see Mother
Salome in Heaven.

Address _____

